

Spartan III

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Summary: The story of the 3rd Spartan project. The UNSC now has an alliance with the Elites, Grunts, and Hunters. Now the Galactic Smuggling Ring is the major thorn in the Superpower's side.

Spartan III

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**\*\*CHAPTER ONE\*\***

**\*\*0600 Hours, March 15, 2566 (Military Calendar) /\*\***

**\*\*Slipstream space-unknown coordinates near Garitala\*\***

**\*\*Star System\*\***

Doctor Natalya Nikolayev-Novolavich sat in the pilot's chair of the shuttle Graceful Follower as it shot through Slipstream space. Her Elite co-pilot, Yul 'Bornamee, sat next to her. The doctor checked the destination map on the main screen. The shuttle was  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the way to its destination, Forge. "I think it's time that Ensign Longhammer is awoken from his cryo sleep, is it not?" 'Bornamee asked the doctor.

"Yesâ€¦ I think it is," she agreed. "Yune! Wake up Ensign Longhammer please." The ship's AI did just that.

In the cryo bay, Ensign Mike Longhammer's cryo tube opened. He sat up and coughed the bronchial surfactant out of his throat and lungs. Damn I hate this stuff. The Ensign thought. "Yune! Orâ€¦ whatever your name isâ€¦ find me some clothes please." The Ensign's uniform dropped through a tube into his hands. He quickly put it on and walked onto the bridge.

"Glad you could join us. We're almost there," said the doctor.

'Bornamee cut the Slipstream engines and Forge came into view.

**\*\*0812 Hours, March 15, 2566 (Military Calendar) /\*\***

**\*\*Psi Garitala System, Forge UNSC Military Complex,\*\***

**\*\*Planet Forge\*\***

The doctor, now dressed in normal civilian clothes, stood in the middle of the amphitheater in the Forge Military Complex. Besides her stood Sergeant Major Calvin Sterling. They were about to change about 9000 lives in about 5 minutes. Yune, the doctor's AI, "stood" at a pedestal next to them. The double doors at the top of the amphitheater opened, shining a bright light into it. Children started to walk through the doors. The child at the front was Morgan Smith, a CÃ'te d'Rouge native. He sat down in the front row, thinking he could rest his head on the small railing in front of him. The handler behind him lifted him off of it though. 5 other children sat to his left. He knew the one directly beside him. His name was Bryan Roldan, Morgan's friend from CÃ'te d'Rouge. Morgan smiled at him. Beside Bryan were 4 other boys. Each wore a gray shirt, as did the CÃ'te d'Rouge natives. Thousands of other children piled in to their seats as the doctor started to talk.

"Hello boys and girls. My name is Doctor Natalya Novolavich-Nikolayev," Two of the boys next to Bryan gasped for oxygen. "You were chosen for a scientific project known as SPARTAN III. I regret to tell you that you will be made into a soldier of the United Nations Space Corps," The girls in the audience rustled in their seats, " I also regret to tell you that you will never be able to see your parents again," All of the children started to rise out of their seats, their handlers quickly pushing them back down, "Tomorrow you will start basic training led by Sergeant Sterling. Get good rest tonightâ€¦ you will need it."

The handlers ushered the children out of the Amphitheater and into the rest of their lives. "I just ruined all of those children's futures," said the doctor.

"No," said the Sergeant, "I think you just saved them."

**\*\*0600 Hours, March 16, 2566 (Military Calendar)/\*\***

**\*\*Psi Garitala System, Forge UNSC Military Complex,\*\***

**\*\*Planet Forge\*\***

Morgan Smith arose unpleasantly to the orders of a drill sergeant. The loud hum of stun batons rose him right to his feet. "Get dressed 5173!" the drill sergeant shouted. Morgan cocked his head quizzically. The drill sergeant pointed his stun baton at the foot locker with the numbers "5173" engraved on it. Morgan lifted the top of the locker to see a pair of athletic pants, an athletic jacket, gray boxers, and a pair of white sneakers. Morgan put them on quickly. The drill sergeant handed him a gray pill. "It's your breakfast. Eat up." Morgan swallowed the pill. It tasted surprisingly refreshing. The drill sergeant moved Morgan out of the sleeping quarters and onto the field facing the Icilian Ocean. The sergeant and his helpers ushered the children into 180 different groups, each

lead by one of the sergeant's helpers. For Morgan's group, the sergeant stood at point.

"You will commence 5 laps around the facility, then report to the Amphitheater for your lessons," The sergeant said. "The run will be a 20 mile stretch. I'll give you about 30 minutes to meet your squad mates. They are the ones that will be by your side for the rest of your life."

Morgan and Bryan immediately found each other. Two taller boys approached Morgan. Their mahogany hair was neatly spiked at the front. They introduced themselves as Nikolai and Massimo Manzavi. 3 blonde siblings were the next to introduce themselves. The Rexxenens, Rebellon, Kassi Niklo, and Kassi Leona; two boys and one girl. The two people that caught Morgan's eye the most were the most quiet. While the brother tried to introduce himself, the sister sat crying on the ground. The brother tried to cheer her up. After the 30 minutes was up, the sergeant blew a whistle.

The newly found SPARTAN III project had 2 Hours to complete their run. The group of 50 that Morgan was in decided to jog at a normal pace to conserve energy, while the other groups sprinted forward, wasting all of their energy. Morgan's group finished with 28 and a half minutes remaining in the exercise. The rest of the groups ran at least a minute late. The children were then herded into the Amphitheater where a holographic woman stood on a pedestal. The children were put into assigned seats depending on their group. Morgan sat next to the crying girl who was now just quiet. Her ID number was: 5100. The sergeant's helpers past out a gallon of water to each of the children, with another pill on the side. The girl ate the pill and drank some of her water. Morgan ate his pill and didn't touch his water.

"What's your name?" Morgan asked.

"Zelphia," the girl mumbled.

"What's wrong?" Morgan asked.

"I'm never going to see my mom again," Zelphia pouted.

"Zelphia. This is your life now. Stop pouting," her brother said. "Oh! Sorry. I'm Starr, her brother." Before Morgan could answer, the woman on the pedestal started talking.

"Hello Spartans. My name is Athena. I'll be your teacher for your training," she said. "Now let's get started. Today's lesson will be about yourselves. Your anatomy, or body. You were chosen because you had grown taller, faster, and stronger than anyone else in your age group." A holographic image appeared to the right of the pedestal showing a human body. "Your body has two things a regular human doesn't." Two patches of yellow appeared in the temple area on the figure's head. "You have a gland known as the Hypergenial. It allows you to resist certain amounts of pain, to lift heavier objects, to run faster, and to think almost 3 times faster than you would without the gland." The children all seemed to cock their heads, yet a few understood.

As Athena finished explaining the basic organs of humans and the muscular system, Sergeant Sterling walked into the room. All of the

Spartans knew that they were to salute their superiors as soon as they walked into a room or to enter sight at all. "At ease." The children dropped their hands from their foreheads. " Thank you Athena. Back to the messhall Spartans. 30 minutes max!" The Spartans rose immediately and rushed out of the Ampitheater.

Yet again, Morgan's group finished with much time extra. They were treated to steak, ribs, and various other meat. Before Morgan could take his first bite, he said to his squadmates, "I don't think we shouldâ€| "

"Morgan! Wake up!" Morgan tried to shrug off the nudge on his shoulder. "Come on! The ship's docking!" He shot up out of his sleep.

"Sorryâ€| "

"What were you dreaming about? You had an ear to ear grin on your face all night," said Zelphia, messing with her short cropped hair in the mirror.

Morgan laughed. "Hmmâ€| wellâ€| you were in it."

"Ohâ€| how sweet."

"You were poutingâ€| then again, what's new?" Morgan joked. Zelphia punched him in the shoulder. " Spartan training."

Zelphia laughed as she put her helmet on. "Good timesâ€| no guns."

Morgan got his sage and gold armor on, then his helmet. " You call that good?"

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file.